

The Man Without A Country

Edward Everett Hale

[No document in actual American history conveys a more powerful lesson of what citizenship in this republic means, none delivers a more searching appeal to loyalty, than this fanciful recital of the Man Without a Country. The unhappy creature whose living death it has graven upon the memory of mankind was but a figure born of a writer's imagination. Yet, the account of his passionate outburst and of his dreadful expiation stirs the duller soul, and will awaken emotion in the minds of readers of generations yet unborn. There can be no more arresting lesson for the disloyal or the heedless, no more inspiring appeal to the spirit of true Americanism, than this memorable work of literary art and high-souled patriotism.]

I suppose that very few casual readers of the New York Herald of August 18th observed, in an obscure corner, among the "Deaths," the announcement:

"NOLAN. Died, on board U. S. Corvette Levant, Lat. 2° 11' S., Long. 181° W., on the 11th of May, Philip Nolan."

I happened to observe it, because I was stranded at the old Mission-house in Mackinac, waiting for a Lake Superior steamer which did not choose to come, and I was devouring, to the very stubble, all the current literature I could get hold of, even down to the "Deaths and marriages in the Herald." My memory for names and people is good, and the reader will see, as he goes on, that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan. There are hundreds of readers who would have paused at that announcement, if the officer of the Levant who reported it had chosen to make it thus: "Died, May 11th, 'The Man without a Country.'" For it was as "The Man without a Country" that poor Philip Nolan had generally been known by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as, indeed, by all the men who had sailed under them. I dare say there is many a man who has taken wine with him once a fortnight, in a three years' cruise, who never knew that his name was "Nolan," or whether the poor wretch had any name at all.

There can now be no possible harm in telling this poor creature's story. Reason enough there has been till now, ever since Madison's administration went out in 1817, for very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honor itself, among the gentlemen of the navy who have had Nolan in successive charge. And certainly it speaks well for the esprit de corps of the profession and the personal honor of its members, that to the press this man's story has been wholly unknown, and, I think, to the country at large also.

I have reason to think, from some investigations I made in the naval archives when I was attached to the bureau of construction, that every official report relating to him was burned when Ross burned the public buildings at Washington. One of the Tuckers, or possibly one of the Watsons, had Nolan in charge at the end of the war; and when, on returning from his cruise, he reported at Washington to one of the Crownshields—who was in the navy department when he came home—he found that the department ignored the whole business. Whether they really knew nothing about it, or whether it was a non mi ricordo, determined on as a piece of policy, I do not know. But this I do know, that since 1817, and possibly before, no naval officer has mentioned Nolan in his report of a cruise.

As I say, there is no need for secrecy any longer. And now the poor creature is dead, it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way of showing young Americans of today what it is to be

A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Mifflin, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow, at some dinner party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flatboat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year barrack life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-souled, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and re-wrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him, because he sacrificed in this unrequited affection for a politician the time which they devoted to Monongahela, sledge, and high-low-jack. Bourbon, euchre and poker were still unknown. But one day Nolan had his revenge. This day Burr came down the river, got at

an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a disguised conqueror. He had defeated I know not how many district attorneys; he had dined at I know not how many public dinners; he had been heralded in I know not how many Weekly Arguses; and it was rumored that he had an army behind him and an empire before him. It was a great day—his arrival—to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff, to show him a cane-brake or a cottonwood tree, as he said, really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as "A Man without a Country."

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the House of Virginia of that day undertook to break on the wheel all the possible Clarendons of the then House of York, by the great treason trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi valley, which was farther from us than Puget Sound is today, introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage, and, to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams, got up, for spectacles, a string of court-martials on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, heaven knows, there was evidence enough, that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march anywhere with anyone who would follow him, had the order only been signed, "By command of His Exc. A. Burr." The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped, rightly for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close, whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy:

"D—n the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He, on his part, had grown up in the West of those days, in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot," and all the rest. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz, and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and, in a word, to



"I Wish I May Never Hear of the United States Again!"

him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States." It was "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore, and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor, that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw more than for the flatboat men who sailed his ark for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 28, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1808, he never heard her name again. For that half century and

more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say:

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the court. The court decides, subject to the approval of the president, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added: "Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders, and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The court is adjourned without day."

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington City, and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the president approved them, certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature.

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of sending him by water from Fort Adams or Orleans. The secretary of the navy was requested to put Nolan on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country. We had few long cruises then, and the navy was very much out of favor; and as almost all of this story is traditional, as I have explained, I do not know certainly what his first cruise was. But the commander to whom he was intrusted—perhaps it was Tingey or Shaw, though I think it was one of the younger men—we are all old enough now—regulated the etiquette and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died.

When I was second officer of the Intrepid some thirty years after, I saw the original paper of instructions. I have been sorry ever since that I did not copy the whole of it. It ran, however, much in this way:

"Washington," (with the date, which must have been late in 1807).

"Sir—You will receive from Lieutenant Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a lieutenant in the United States Army.

"This person on his trial by court-martial expressed with an oath the wish that he might never hear of the United States again.

"The court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

"For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the president of this department.

"You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

"You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his government.

"The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

"But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

"It is the intention of the government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

"Respectfully yours,

"W. SOUTHWARD,
for the Secretary of the Navy."

If I had only preserved the whole of this paper, there would be no break in the beginning of my sketch of this story. For Captain Shaw, if it was he, handed it to his successor in the charge, and he to his.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "The Man without a Country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war—cut off more than half the talk men like to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to teach hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites: I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him

(Continued next week.)

NOTICE.

North Carolina, Watauga county, Sydney Phillips and wife Emma Phillips, Neila Taylor and husband L. L. Taylor, Josie Cole and husband Andrew Cole, Biddle Greer and husband Frank Greer, Mollie Norris and husband Will Norris, vs Martha Norris and husband Milt Norris, Clerinda Hayes, Bertina Waddell and — Waddell.

By virtue of an order of the Superior court in the above entitled action, I will on the 5th day of November 1917 at the court house door in Boone, N. C. at 1 o'clock p. m. sell to the highest bidder for cash, the following described real estate to wit: Beginning on a Spanish oak, Clawsom's corner and runs west 30 poles to a Spanish oak and chestnut, then 8 with Clawsom's 32 poles to a Spanish oak; then west 32 poles to a chestnut oak; then N 10 W 116 poles to a white oak; then E 2 poles to a chestnut in his old line, then S 20 E with said line 64 poles to a Spanish oak, then E with said line to the corner; then to the beginning, containing 30 acres more or less. This 21 day of September 1917.

WILL NORRIS, Commissioner.

\$100 REWARD. \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the blood on the muscular surface of the system thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Catarrh Remedy that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Grinding Days at Chetola Mill.

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WILL KNIGHT, Miller.

Life Was a Misery

Mrs. F. M. Jones, of Palmer, Okla., writes:

"From the time I entered into womanhood . . . I looked with dread from one month to the next. I suffered with my back and bearing-down pain, until life to me was a misery. I would think I could not endure the pain any longer, and I gradually got worse. . . Nothing seemed to help me until, one day, . . . I decided to

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The Woman's Tonic

"I took four bottles," Mrs. Jones goes on to say, "and was not only greatly relieved, but can truthfully say that I have not a pain. . . . It has now been two years since I took Bardui, and I am still in good health. . . . I would advise any woman or girl to use Bardui who is a sufferer from any female trouble."

If you suffer pain caused from womanly trouble, or if you feel the need of a good strengthening tonic to build up your run-down system, take the advice of Mrs. Jones. Try Bardui. It helped her. We believe it will help you.

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Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has borne the signature of personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Virginia-Carolina Railway Company

TIME TABLE NO. 58
In Effect 12:01 A. M., Monday, Sept. 11, 1916
For Government of Employees Only.

SOUTHBOUND		STATIONS		NORTHBOUND	
Daily Except Sunday	1st Class	Eastern Standard Time	General Office	Daily Except Sunday	1st Class
No. 1 A.M.	7:20	Lv. Abingdon (W.C.)	Ar. 11:38	No. 2 P.M.	5:18
0.5	7:32	Lv. Yard	Ar. 400	0.5	5:30
4	7:45	Lv. Watauga	Ar. 400	9	5:45
9	7:58	Lv. Barron	Ar. 400	9	5:58
12	8:11	Lv. Cedarville (W)	Ar. 125	3	6:11
13	8:24	Lv. Drowning Ford	Ar. 140	3	6:24
14	8:37	Lv. Valls Mill	Ar. 140	3	6:37
Pass.					
No. 13	8:12	Lv. Damascus (W) (T)	Ar. 820	15	4:12
8:20	8:20	Lv. Laureldale (G.C.)	Ar. 400	10	4:11
8:39	8:39	Lv. Taylor's Valley (W)	Ar. 600	15	3:58
8:54	8:54	Ar. Creek Junction	Ar. 375	9	3:43
9:43	9:43	Lv. Callahan Crossing (G.C.)	Ar. 200	5	3:00
9:43	9:43	Lv. Green Cove (W)	Ar. 200	5	3:00
Meet No. 14				Meet	
9:52	9:52	Lv. White Top Gap (W.T.)	Ar. 390	9	2:50
40	40	Lv. Nella	Ar. 200	5	2:28
10:27	10:27	Lv. Tuckerdale (W)	Ar. 480	12	2:16
10:33	10:33	Lv. Lansing	Ar. 280	7	2:10
10:38	10:38	Lv. Berlin	Ar. 195	5	2:04
10:45	10:45	Lv. Warrenton	Ar. 390	8	1:58
53	53	Lv. Smithport	Ar. 451	11	1:50
11:04	11:04	Ar. West Jefferson (WCY)	Ar. 800	20	1:40
11:05	11:05	Lv. West Jefferson (WCY)	Ar. 800	20	1:39
58	58	Lv. Hamilton, N. C.	Ar. 160	4	1:14
11:24	11:24	Lv. Donation	Ar. 360	9	1:09
11:39	11:39	Lv. Bowie (W)	Ar. 320	8	1:03
11:54	11:54	Lv. Riverside	Ar. 320	8	1:03
12:05	12:05	Ar. Elkland, N. C. (WCT)	Ar. 1210	30	12:30
P.M.				P.M.	

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY		KONNAROCK BRANCH		DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY	
First Class No. 5	No. 3	First Class No. 4	No. 2	First Class No. 4	No. 2
P.M. A.M.		P.M. A.M.		P.M. A.M.	
8:13	8:55	Lv. Creek Junction	Ar. 375	9	9:20
		Lv. Grassy Ridge (C)	Ar. 30		8:41
8:28	9:10	Ar. Konnarock (WYO)	Ar. 30	8:11	8:39
P.M. A.M.				P.M. A.M.	

*—Stop on Signal. s—Regular Stop. G. C.—Grade Crossing. W.—Water. C.—Coal. O.—Scales. T.—Turntable. Y.—Wye. (:) Jct. W. T. Ry.

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